



This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the death in 1897 of Newl Dow. known as the father of prohibition. Mr. Dow was the Presidential candidate in 1880 for the Prohibition Party. He was the author of the famous Maine prohibition law enacted in 1851 and traveled widely, speaking for temperance in many lands.

When a Girl Marries | The True Coquette

A ROMANCE OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Anne Tries in Vain to Get Neal to Come Back and Views His Interest in Evvy With Alarm.

By ANN LISLE.

CHAPTER CLXXXIII.

Coppright, 1619, Ming Feature Syndicate, When I got to the top of the steps leading to Evelyn Mason's home I hesitated. I huted to give Evvy this glimpse right into the heart of my life, but my longing to see Neal triumphed, and after amoment or two I pressed the bell. "Is Miss Evelyn in?" I asked the

maid who opened the door. "She's just come in. I think she's dressing," was the reply. I felt a little sparkle of triumph as I replied glibly: "Tell her not to Burry; I've plenty of time. It is Mrs. Harri-

Then I was admitted to a formal-reception room, lavishly furnished. but empty as far as I was con-cerned, since Neal wasn't there. After a minute I rose and tipteod across the room like the intruder I was, and there in a cosy little den I discovered Neal serently enaconum in a big wing-chair. Still tip toeing, I crept up back of him and I laid my fingers across his eyes. He pulled my hands down and kissed them lightly, If this was the way Neal treated Evvy it spoiled my hopes that some day he and Phoebe would find each

other again. "Neal! Neal!" I cried. "This is a mighty fine surprise, Babbsic," said Neal, getting to his feet and giving me one of his bear "Only you thought it was Evry surphishing you," I replied reproach-

Not a Bendhead. "Since when does Evry wear a wedding ring to press against my eyeball like a ton of bricks?" laughed Neal. "Neal-I followed you here," I

confessed, thinking it wise to

Catering For the Invalid

By Loretto C. Lynch. ing and on all Buttern Pertaining to the Household.

HERE opmes a time in every household when some member needs a little special catering, and every woman and every man, too, for that matter, should know how to prepare an invalid's tray, Often the cure in many cases depends quite as much upon the neurishment which the patient is able to take an epon the medicines and general treatment. In invalid cooking three types of diet are recognised-liquid, light and convalescent. Of course, the physician will direct the diet, but in general folks that are "sick a bed" are given liquid diet. This consists of milk in various forms, soups and gruels. It also includes raw eggs and beef tea.

Amateurs at home nursing often make the mistake of preparing too large a quantity. With rare exceptions only food enough for one meal for the invalid should be pre-

Suppose you wish to prepare some catmeal gruel. Put a measuring cup of water on to boil in a small saucepan. And one-eighth of a level teaspoonful of salt. When the water boils add four level tablespoonfuls of steam-cooked catmeal. Cook slowly, uncovered, stirring peasionally until most of water has dauppeared and the meal is thoroughly cooked. Rub through a fine strainer, discarding the coarse bits that remain. Thin to the desired consistency with warm milk and erve in a pretty bowl.

One does not have to incur any great expense in order to provide n attractive tray for the invalid. A tray eighteen inches in length is ideal for serving a whole meat, withough a smaller tray will do. Cover the tray with a white doily. Main-white bureau scarfs wern in laces or partly worn towels may e trimmed down to fit the tray and seatly hemmed. Have several of these on hand and try to keep them

or this one purpose. In everybody's home almost there are some dishes that are prettier than others. Try to find these for the tray. A tiny salt and pepper sprinkler, a drinking glass, a dollsized cream and sugar will find velcome on the tray, especially then the invalid begins to go on to light or convalescent diet.

Light diet includes all the dishes sed in liquid diet, besides custard udding, soft cooked egg, baked botate, pea pulp (peas pushed brough a strainer) and the like. Baked custard is both sightly and elicious if properly made. Break an egg into mixing bowl and with a fiver fock beat it until the york jand white are well mixed. Add ne level tablespoon of sugar. Add three-fourths of a measuring cup of vanila. Pour into a baking cup. Set this cup into a pan of water. Bake in a slow oven, taking care hat the water in which the cus-

tard is standing does not reach the oiling point. If this water boils the oven is too hot, which means a ordled, unsightly, hard-to-digest ustard. In about forty minutes he custord should be done. When a knife, inserted in the center, comes ut clean, the pudding should be removed and set aside to cool.

In convalescent diet, the home nurse schould remember that the lissues of the body have been reduced and that foods especially rich in tissue-building elements should be introduced.

Eggs in any style (but not any fold styles chieken, brotled beef, bean soup, pear, are a few of the Lindy of the Night Wind" provides body builders that may properly be excellent entertainment for a jourgound on the convalescent's tray,

change the subject. "I can't bear to have you in the city and-not with us. Our new apartment is so big and solemn. Won't you come and brighten it up with that jolly

"Then at least tell me where you're living," I begged.
"Nix on that, sis. You wouldn't like the address and you'd try to interfere.

you are, Neal. I can't follow Evvy around to keep track of you," I retorted a little bitterly. "You might lose me even that

around Evvy long unless I pull down something with a pay en-

"Don't worry, Babbsie, I'll land!"
"There's Jim's offer—that's still open. Why don't you take it?"

"By crickety'-that's Father Andrew all over again," I heard myself murmuring, with a half-burled hope down in my heart that Neal would prove himself l'ather Andrew's son in more than mere words and expressions. Aloud I

No Contradiction. "Neal, dear, I'm sprry you think" I'm mean spirited-or Jim domineering: He's just a little disay.

nearing 7 now, and I wanted to be at the Walgrave when Jim arrived-I wanted him to feel that he was coming home. Perhaps I could win again the tender mood of the morning and revive in the familiar surroundings the fornance that had gone out of our lives. "I have to run along, Neal. Will

morrow? And-won't you promise to call me every day? "I'll do that much, Babbs," Neal agreed.

ing," I insisted. "I'll be in my room waiting."

message. "Mr. Harrison 'phoned, 6:30" it said: He is detained on important business and won't be home until very late. Wearily I went up to our rooms.

message chilled my hopes of happi-When I got to my door room beyond. "Extravagant," I murmured in-

roses on the center table.

(To Be Continued.)

BOOKS

THE LADY OF THE NIGHT WIND."
by Varick Vanardy, New York: TheMacaulay Company.

ERE are forly chapters of absorbing mystery not solved until the final gasp. Once started, it is practically impessible to lay down this book until it is known what becomes of that master criminal invading the house party on Long Island in search of a priceless jewel. Andyou are not aware of the object of his search, either, until you have reached the thirty-sixth chapter.

Katherine Harvard-once 'Lady Kate of the Police"-discovers a cheat playing cards at her house party. About to expose him, she withholds action when he brazenly threatens to expose the criminality of her brother, long thought dead. The cheat, masquerading as Conract Belknap, compels her to do his will.

The mystery deepens, Strange, unexplained calls over telephone, arrivals of a beautiful woman supposed to be dumb and of a man marked by a terrible scar, assaults by night in the dark garden, awe-inspiring messages intercepted by wrong folks, and, finally, the introduction of a house fitted with marvelous devices of sliding doors, middle age chairs, steel shutters, disappearing steps and yawning cavities in the floor-all these do their bit to make this story gripping to an

started off for home. "Let me extreme. carry the cradle for you," cried No. there isn't much probability Puss Junior, running out of the in the tale. If Katherine had shown one-tenth of the sense possessed by any ordinary woman, she would "That would be a great help," she have oh, well, then there might not replied, "for baby is getting very beavy, and Mother's been working all day." So Puss put the cradle on his shoulder, and bowing to the kind miller, followed after her, And

red head of yours?" "It may be a red head, but it isn't a dead head Babbs. I might come for your sake-if I could pay

"No, I won't. 'I must know where

way, Babbs," said Neal-almost bitter, in turn" I can't afford to hang

"Oh: Neal-no job yet?" I cried trying to hold fast to his hand, while he brushed sentiment and me

"Babbs! Do you think I can truckle to any of the Harrisons? Do you think I could see Jim every day and not explode about his lordly ways? There are a lot of things * By crickety, Babbsie, don't you mind? Have the Harrisons

said placatingly:

with success, and a wife has to be

Neal's eyes were hard as he "Yes, but she doesn't have to

knuckle down like you do. When you let Jim and Virginia sand that ring of mother's back to me the way they did-take Phoebe away from mo it was the beginning of the end of your independence. But I'll hang onto mine." I had to accept that. It was

you tell Evey I'll phone here to-

"All right-at 10 in the morn-

Then I rushed out, hailed a taxi and drove eagerly to the hotel. At the desk the clerk handed me a

The curt, business-like tone of that hesitated, longing to run away, though I had nowhere to run. Then I unlocked the door and entered a great bay windowed living room, with a glimpse of white beds in the

differently. Then my mood changed as I spied a mass of glowing red "Jim-my Jim" I whispered to

Puss in Boots Twice-Told Tales of Washington The Backslider Crime

EFINITION—the feminine creature of the race of Adam who would + building it Aladdm-like—fixes the front with one of three opal pins-

miller because he was so kind and women at the District strange that a miller should have jail accused of murder, Benjamin Coleman, colored, charged when Puss thought it over he didn't with killing Walter Holland in the summer of 1918, seems the most satisfied

we Love for anything-who regards the curious little winged god

him between a rouged finger and thumb-daintily-and studies the cell-

ing, the wall, the world around her-the breast of her frock-and won-

ders where he would show best, stuck on! At last she cuddles her

knees in delight; Omar-Khayyam turbans twisted about pretty heads

like melons are in, great pins are fashionable to glow and burn thrust

out before and aft-over a maid's brows and calling notice to the white

By David Cory.

DUSS JUNIOR liked the jolly

rat and the mouse. It seemed

such a queer pair of friends, but

All the time the miller was talk-

ing, the mouse and the rat kept a

close watch on Puss Junior. They

knew from experience that cats are

Junior, with boots and cap, did not

resemble an ordinary cat, at the

same time the rat and the mouse

thought it safer to keep at a dis-

"Tell your little friends," said

"Mousie," said the miller, leaning

Puss to the joily miller, "that I

over and patting the little mouse.

'Sir Cat says he will not harm a

"That's very kind of him," re-

plied the little mouse in a squeeky

Just then the mother of the baby

in the cradle on the tree-top came

by. She smiled at the miller, who

took off his rusty, dusty, cap.

"There she is," he said to Puss.

'She's going to take down the

eradle. Then she leaned over and

kised the baby, who began to crow

and clap his hands. And after she

had kissed him many times, she

lifted him out and danced him on

her knee. And while she danced

him gently up and down, she sang:

Down in the village, all the day long,

Mather's been singing a sweet little song Just to herself she's been singing all day

While baby's been rocking and rocking

Mother is watching the tick-tocky clock; Counting the minutes go by until she Will be taking her baby-boy down from

Then she laid the baby over her

shoulder and picking up the cradle,

the tree.

won't huft them.

hair of your tiny head."

not like millers, and, although Puss

think it was so strange, after all.

to his two small friends, the

nape of her neck-so the coquette wraps her turben round and round-

as nothing but a specimen-who has the decorative eye-who holds

Coleman, a backslider, blames his crime on the fact he wasn't going to church at the time. But he believes that in spite of this fact, "God is going to help me out." Deputy W. R. Peak had a rather difficult time getting Coleman to consent to an interview. When taken into Deputy Peak's office the man appeared uneasy. He sat several feet from the reporter and constantly watched what was being written,

Claims Self-Defense. According to Coleman's story the killing was done in self-defense. Coleman said he went to Twelfth and K streets southeast to deliver a message to "Stump" Holland. The message being unfavorable to 'Stump," the latter threw a sea shell at Coleman, cutting his head. "As soon as he hit me," Coleman said. "I shot."

"I shot only once, then went to the station house and gave myself up. Ever since that time I've been living in cells," Despite his confidence he will be acquitted, Coleman admits the

ctime worries him.

"I think about the deed once in a while," Coleman said, "and I am sorry it happened." Coleman was asked whether he was a church member. "I wouldn't miss divine worship

now for anything in the world.

the baby kicked and crowed, and tried to reach down to pull Puss Junior's whiskers. And when Puss tickled his hand, the baby gurgled and laughed, and tried to pull the teather out of Puss Junor's cap. And the little mother forgot how tited she was, for baby lay so warm against her neck and his laugh tinkled so sweetly in her car! (Copyright, 1915/by David Cory.)

To Be Continued.

MONG the twenty-four men | When I shot 'Stump' I wasn't going to church. I guess it wouldn't have happened if I had been going

world .- NELL BRINKLEY.

to church regularly. "Every night and morning I pray to God that everything will come out all right. Sometimes when think of it, it scares me. The time surely does pass slowly by in jail. All you can do la worry about what you have done. Coleman's sole worry seems to be

what his friends will think of him because he was arrested. "I know they won't convict me" the colored man said. "My lawyer told me so. Anyhow if they did, don't think I would get may more than a jail sentence. I couldn's elp killing him, and I am sorry." Coleman says he's going to learn to read, so he can get the Bible and go over it every day. He thinks it will help him.

Compulsory Inhospitality. An Irish priest, who was a staunch teetotaler, seeing a member of his flock about to enter a public house, remonstrated in a loud voice from the opposite side of the street. The man, however, went through the swing doors, taking no notice of the priestly admonitions. Later in the day these two met again, when the priest said, "Didn't you hear me when I called to you this morning?" "Sure, your honor, did, but I only had the price of one drink on me!" was Mike's

Untamed.

The teacher was trying her best to make a lesson interesting to her class of little ones, "Now, children," she said, "you have named all the domestic animals but one. Who can tell us what that one is?" There was no reply. "What!" exclaimed the teacher, "Does no one know? What animal has bristly hair, is dirty all the time, and loves getting into the mud?" A small boy raised a timid hand. "Well Aian," said the teacher, "tell us what it is." "Please, ma'am," said the little boy reflectively, "it's me." I the size of a hen!"

Household Suggestions

coquettes laugh at superstition, unlike those tender of Love-and, im-

paling the spread pink wings of the indignant Eros with two more, pins

him fast to the back above two hunched-up, laughing shoulders and a

pretty white neck! Love a pretty curio-my word! All the little fat

pink persons left in Love-land lift an enraged yodel and lean out over

the bar-that golden bar beyond the stars-flapping a multitude of rosy

wings and hands in wrathful protest at the latest in "Coquette turbans."

What if Love should strike, too, my lady, along with all the rest of the

After the carpets have been beaten in the open air and relaid, wipe over the surface with a clean fiannel that has been wrung out of warm water, softened by the addition of a tablespoonful of liquid ammonia to the pint. As soon as the fiannel is solled rinse it, and when the whole carpet has been treated set the window and door open to get a draft and avoid walking over the carpet till it is quite dry.

To remove grease marks from books, spenge the soiled spot carefully with bensine or ether, and then put the leaf between two sheets of blotting paper and quickly pass a hot flatiron over it.

Gold jewelry may be cleansed by being placed for half an hour in a bowl of warm water to which a generous quantity of ammonia has been added. Stir the jewelry around in the water for a moment, then cover the bowl and let it stand.

Cracks in furniture should be

filled in with beeswax. Soften the

beeswax until it becomes like putty,

then press it firmly into the cracks

and smooth the surface over with a thin knife. Sandpaper the surrounding wood, and work some of the dust into the beesway. For furniture cleaning, a mixture of three parts of linseed oil and one of turpentine is splendid. Use only a small quantity at a time,

rubbing well, and polishing with a dry cloth until all the oil is rubbed into the wood or removed. Use a woolen rag. To clean the backs of ebony brushes they should be washed and then rubbed over with a little boiled linseed oil. All traces of the oil

should be removed with a duster.

The silver initials should be cleaned

with a a little moistened whiting,

which should not be allowed to

A Varied View.

touch the wood.

"Been to the theater this week" "What did you see?" black velvet bow, some tortolersh combs, a couple of plumes, a chilfon knot, and a stuffed bird about

The Greatest Gift

IS AMBITION PLUS PERSISTENCE. Beatrice Fairfax Tells Girls That Success Can Be Attained if Sought Seriously and Intelligently.

By Beatrice Fairfax.

them, in fact-from girls who a say they "have nothing to live for." And I can only tell them that they make me think of the Sinbad story about the man who walked through the valley strewn with diamonds, rubles and precious stones, but saw no way of getting past the high mountain that shut in the valley.

If you've read the story, you know he did find a way out. And If you haven't read it I am not going to spoil the tale by telling it to you. Go to a public library, borrow the book and apply the moral to your own difficulties, Every one walks though the valley of precious stones, but few have the ingenuity to get away with any of them.

In the first place, Youth is the greatest of all gifts. Youth, no matter where it may be cast-in the tenements, in the slums, even in the "moated grange." Given youth, plus intelligence and ambition, and

Changing **Fashions**

By Winifred Black. Whose writings have endeared her

to hundreds of thousands of readers all over the country. TY TELL, for goodness' sake, the W queerest things do happen In this world!

Out in California there's a place down by the sea they call Venicewaves and beach and things, don't you know?-and the other day one of the congregation of one of the churches passed a resolution to ask the city fathers to please go and ask the airplane people not to fly They say that the busning of the wings distracted the attention of the

flew over and she might as well have been singing on the screen in the movies for all any one could No, it isn't a dream; it's the

children of the congregation, and

last Sunday just as the soprano was

starting in on her colo an airplane

plain, everyday truth, as we tell it in these days of wonders and amaze-Venice is the place where they have a parade of red-haired girls every summer, and the girl with reddest hair and the girl with the curliest red hair and the girl With the longest red hair and the girl with the thickest red hair and the girl with the pretilest red hair, every one of them gets a prize.

Tell me the world doesn't move! In Other Days.

When I was a girl the one grief and tragedy of my life was that had red hair. I thought there was day that my whole soul rose up in revolt and fury at the bitter injustice of life when my oldest sister leaned out of the window and before a crowd of schoolmates going on a picnic called me "Red Head." The thing I hated worst about it was that that particular elster had hair that was a good deal redder than mine, but, of course, I couldn't say anything about it because she was older than I was and it would

have been "talking back." Red hair. Yes, I think it's pretty. To be quite honest about it, I like red hair better than any other. There seems to be more life to it, somehow, and red-haired peoplewell, there are two kinds-either you like them or you don't.

The same thing that brings freckles upon the skin puts red into the hair, and that same Iron in the blood is responsible for the energy of most people with red The Fada Change.

Ive seen red-headed fools and red-headed villains and red-headed failures and red-headed beauties and red-headed girls who were so ugly that it was hard to look at them, but I never yet saw a redheaded man or woman who would sit still in a corner and watch the clouds roll by without lifting a finger to help give the clouds a shove. All this I say quite boldly and in utter, shameless disregard of all

the conventionalities. For, of course, it's the proper thing to hate the color of the hair you were born with, or, at least, to say your do. But red hair is, with many redhaired people like some terrific and hidden crime-you "first endure. then pity, then embrace." It is your cross and finally, by much cherishing, it becomes just a tiny little bit

of a crown. But red hair the rage and airplanes disturbing the congregation with the flutter of their wings! If you had prophesied either of

these things fifteen years ago you would have been quietly spirited away to some still spot where you couldn't harm anybody in a sudden spell of violence. I met a woman the other day and asked her to come and have some

ice cream with me, and she looked at me as if I had offered her a dose of cyanide. She's banting to get thin, and to my eyes she's so thin now that I

don't see how she gets her clothes to stay on at all. woman was a girl, she used to carry around squares of chocolate and nibble at that chocolate every two hours by the clock. She wanted to

be plump. No, she hasn't changed-the fashion has, that's all. Live in hope, little sister. Some

day freekles may be considered a mark of almost rempire-like beauty. You can never tell. (Copyright, 1918, Newspaper Feature Service Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.)

GET many letters-hundreds of | the result is bound to be-Success-But the result is bound to be failure, if you persist in wasting youth grieving for somthing you haven't got something very likely you would be miserable if you did

> in our mether's day, opportunities for girls were fewer than they are today. In your grandmother's day, opportunities for women were restricted to getting married. And a girl had to take whatever came along, poor thing. There was very Mile choice open to her. She married the widower with eight children; she married the snuffy old bachelor who needed a nurse, or sae married the scapegrace whose wild out crop had become a proverb. Or if she missed any of these

doubtful blessings she went to live as an unpaid belper in the house of some married relative. And no matter how hard she worked and how much good she accomplished, she was regarded us a failure be-cause she had not married a man-But today any girl who isn't too impatient to gather all the bleam ings of life by the time she in seventeen or eighteen has a very good chance of making a guessaful career for herself and marying well in the bargain. Young women who are willing to fit themselves for positions of importance may easily earn \$3.000 to \$3.000 a year. Some time *go I told in this column of a direction who scrape a telephone operator—who scrape ed together enough French to take a position "overseas" during the war. And who later went to South America, after the armistice was signed, for a big importing firm. She sent me her wedding card from

tle Cinderella had just married a junior partner of the firm, She was twenty-eight years old and was bern in a tenement house not far from Norfelk street, New York-a very unattractive tens-

Buenom Aires the other day. Lit-

ment house, too. Had Plenty of Ambition. But thin East Side Cinderalls who has found her prince had ambition, and know how to make every edge out to her advantage, She did not fritter away her time and energy in foolish love affairs that brought her nothing much profitable than heartaches and

Sin had only two years in the high school then had to go to work to help support the family. But she was fur-sighted enough to go to night school to naish the course, and she took every advantage that the girls' clubs and settlement houses had to offer. She became a telephone operator and picked up enough French to get a Government appointment overseas, and then came the big chance-the job with the important firm in South America. At last

Cinderelia of the East Side has met and married her prince. "But what can I do?" a hundred incompetents will wall, and then follow-innumerable reasons why they can't continue their education to the point of commanding a really first-rate job. They do not actually fail in life, yet they do not succeed; they drift with circum-

stances. They never learn the great lesson that success consists in turning obstacles into advantages. Of course, it is easier to go to the movies after a day's work than it is to go to night school, - Even though the night classes offer distinet advantages in the way of making desirable friends.

Excuses Not Lacking. For night schools and alght classes are places to meet worthwhile people-drones, idlers and coffee coolers do not frequent them. Line-of-least-resistance gentry are conspicuously absent It takes worth-while people to study after a day's work, people who have backbone and normal muscle.

But the excuse artist always has some good reason for not going ahead with the game. She is tired. or she must have diversion or there is some silly flirtation on hand that must be fed with heart's blood and watered with tears. Or the money must be spent for a new blue hat. or a pair of high-heeled shoes, or there are a dozen other reasons why she can't settle down and genuinely improve herself and her hances in life. Very well, the big job, the fairy

not for her. These excuse-makers are the girls who walk through the valley of rubies and diamonds-Youth-and come away without one precious stone. They take what fate has to offer, and fate's gratuitous offering is frequently a young man as ambitionless as themselves.

prince and real success in life are

They will never knew the wilejoy of "hitching their wagen to a star"-no, they - hitch it to the nearest hokey-pokey cart, or the first cheap movie house that glitters down the block. Then, after one or two discouraging experiences they write me: "Dear Miss Fairfax, have nothing to live for." Turn over a new leaf, find something to live for, make up your

mind to succeed! A Recommendation.

A young Irish woman, who was applying for a pince as cook, when asked for a reference, presented this note: "To whom it may concern: This is to certify that Norah Keegan has worked for us one week,

In the Coal Business.

A coal dealer asked some law students if they could guess what leral authority was the favorite of trade. One answered, "Coke," light" eald the coal dealer, Adother sudported "Good, boot" said the Wileton!"-Then another said, "L and the coal dealer was annoyed.